NANTUCKET, Mass., Sept. 11.-Old Fred Parker's fame as the Hermit of Nantucket has attained additional interest this season in the minds of visitors. This has come about by the unearthing of the romance connected with the old man's early days. Up to 1880 every tourlat to Nantucket took a three hours' ride in a springless, joiting fish wagon out to Quidnit to see old Parker, the leading human curiosity of the island, to whom, however, Billy Clarke, the historic town orier, was ever a close second. Quidnit consists of three houses and a varied assortment of sand dunes on the eastern edge of the island. It is two miles north of Saukati Lighthouse, and its people live mainly by sharking and blue fishing in summer, changing to codding and clam-ming in the colder, months. Down under the pand hills, sheltered from the shore, and par-Hally obscured by waves of rank gray-green sedge and the spurple bloom of the shore pea, one story high. Everything about it is the same as when old Parker died, and a plain marble slab in its rear marks the old man's last resting spot. for, according to his last request, he was buried by the sounding sea. His little

property has passed into the hands of a thrifts

descendant, who reaps a summer harvest from

the curious in search of mementos.

In the haloyon days of the whale oil city Fred Parker was a tall, ambitious, but rather gawky youth, who served customers from behind the counters of Macy's busy grocery. He had a very moderate salary for those flush times, but his slender earnings were snugly invested, in common with all here who had money, in ships which were chasing the whale. His ventures were successful, and he labored diligently at the desk, and serimped and scraped, to gather enough to buy a sixteenth share in the bark Cynthia, which Nantucketers were then fitting away for the oil fields of the ocean. The oil excitement was at Its height. Money was pouring rapidly into the strong boxes of the rich, and business of all kinds was in a booming state. Everybody In this now dead and deserted old hamlet was

all kinds was in a booming state. Everybody in this now dead and deserted old hamlet was on the lookout for fresh ventures. In an illadvised moment the youth mortgaged the Parker homestead, at the back of the town, to enable him to command a still larger interest in the new bark. If she made any sort of a voyage she would repay him his investment in a twelvemonth, and he would ben capitalist. With a score of other interested islanders he watched the Cynthia unfold her snowy wings one spring morning outside the bar, and sail away to Greenland seas. Then he went back to his desk and his work.

Time sped on. Meanwhile Fred Parker had met and loved blue-eyed Mollie Coffin, a laughing, rosy-checked lass from Edgartown, on the neighboring Vineyard, who spent the summer with her cousin at Knatucket. They met at one of the features of the island, a bound party," and she was escorted home that night by the enamored grocer. Intimacy followed, and young Parker made her his confidant. He was madly in love. When she left the island for the Vineyard in the fall her hand was pledged to him. They were to be married when his ship came in.

vineyard in the fail her hand was pieced to him. They were to be married when his ship came in.

Through the long cold winter that followed the straggling New Bedford sail packet made only now and then a trip to the Nantucket shore. But each time it came and went it transferred letters and piedges of love between young Parker and his afflanced. Her notes were tender and assuring, his responses ardent and truthful. The Cynthia was much overdue, he wrote the following spring, but she was a new vessel, and in the most skilful hands. A competency and happiness could not fail to be in store for them. Other months of waiting followed. Then there was a break in Mary's letters. The young lover could not account for it. A two-weeks gale prevailed, and then the mail boat came, but he got no word from her. He wrote her upbrailingly. After this there came another fortnight's storm, and the mail boat was not seen again for lifteen days. When she did arrive she brought a buiky delayed mail, and the late New York and Boston papers were eagerly sought for by the ship owners and business mon. In one of them Fred Parker found a despatch from St. Johns, N. F., then over two months old. It read as follows:

The Santicket barkenine Crathia, Clinby, marter, was absulenced 200 mits of the port Fel. B. in a gar. over two months oid. It read as follows:

The Nantucket barkentine Cynthia, Clinby, marter,
was abandoned 300 mice off this port Feb. 18, in a gare.

She was waterlogged, with 700 barrels oil loose in the
hold. On the alight of the 125, in a storm, the Cynthia
was in collision with the British brig Highland Mary,
Landon, from Liverpool for New York. The brig lay by
the Cynthia the following ony, and, the gate increasing,
look the crew off and brought them to this port. The
Cynthia was a new vessel. She will probably break up.
Yessel insurance was not recombard to the

mail, and the late New York and Residen papers were one required from the sum prograte and found a despatch from Nt. Johns, N. Y., the program of the papers were also as the program of the papers which the papers were also as the program of the papers which the papers were the papers which and the papers which the papers which and the papers w as with a thunderboil by smouncing that she had just been married. Then, while he listened in a dazed sort of way, she told him coldly that the storm which had injercepted Nantucker's mails bew into Edgartown a Bangor ship bound to the East Indies. She halled for repairs and her delay was lengthened, while the Captain wood and wood alts. Collin's daugiter. The ship had sailed from New York, but was driven out of her way by the thing the control of the control of the control of the loss of the Cyntion. By the two saids was read to the account of the loss of the Cyntion. By the two concluded to give up the young greer, and after a three weeks' contribing site became the stranger Captain's wife, and had sailed away with him in his bonnie ship that very day. The same norther which bore the false-hearted Edgartown gir; out past the natured clay cliffs of Gay Heard drove a light fishing dory from the Vinsyard over to Nantucket. In it was seated the new broken-hearted Parker. He reached Nantucket in the night, and it is said he was never seen there in the daylight again. His disappearance was commented on, but as he had no near relatives no search was made for him. The following summer, however, he was found installed at Quidnit, in the little house of to-day, one that had been built for wreckers early in the century. There he lived ever after, a short man. The storms fed him with wreckage, which he pulled up, and which still remains about the castle. Nailed upon the habitation are a score of faded glit again, the habitation are a score of faced glit again, and the head of the shelring little bay sing from a many live he says in the single short with the language of his were stowed. He was slways away from view before daylight and back to his woil-greased, until he became one of the modern hing, and hinch slittle stove and the single sholf which constituted his pantry.

With the influx of summer visitors the old hermit sprang into a notoricy which yearly increased, until he became one of the modern historical features

From the Landon Daily Netes. Saturday evening, Aug. 29, as the Roy. C. Vanguan Vicar of failarin, hear Malpa, and is were driving along the highway near that place unclass aligning to make highway near that place unclass aligning to make his horse to excluse hill. I that moment a farmer named Griffiths was cartically for from his fields along the highway to load of cour from his fields along the highway to

HOW THE MONEY IS MADE The Profit and Loss of a Piace Like Del-

"Yes, Delmonico's pays," said one of the persons interested in the establishment of that name on Fifth avenue restorday. "It pays well, too; but not on account of high prices, as most people seem to think, but simply from the way it is managed. A man must have the qualities of a statesman to run a first-class restaurant successfully. Old Lorenzo Delmon ico had a genius for management, and it seems to remain in the family. Why, when he was allve the men used to stand around as though under orders from a Napoleon. Everything was systematic. No superfluous person or thing was ever about the place. He had a remarkable knowledge of the details of his business and nothing seemed to escape his attention An incident that occurred some years ago in the old Fourteenth street house its worth tell ing. One of the hall boys was wrapping a dinner roll in rather a large sheet of paper-some 18 by 24 inches, I think, Mr. Dolmonico hap-pened to see him and said: Boy, take that roll out of that paper! Now, tear the paper in half; and now tear one of the halves in two fou can now wrap up the roll in a quarter o the sheet. There! It looks better and you nave saved three-quarters of a sheet of paper If you use a whole sheet again for so small

bundle I will discharge you!'
"Any one who saw the old gentleman smoke "Any one who saw the old gentleman smoke his cigar down to the point where it would smoke no further without burning his mouth, would, on first thought, have considered him mean; but he smoked the finest cigars in the house, and, considering the number he smoked, was really extravagant. The character of the man was shown even in so small a thing as the way in which he smoked his cigar. He used the best without stint, but he used it thoroughly and completely. As he smoked his cigar so he ran his house. The best service that money could buy, the richest and cost materials, the greatest profusion, yot through it all a thoroughness of system which guests never suspected, because they were never allowed to feel it. It requires a good deal of brains to be systematic without having your system react on yourself. Guests are very easily worried out of your place. You would be astonished if you knew the amount of red tane employed by some of the best houses in Now York city. I will give you one of two examples out of many that I could mention. The waiters are required to have each and every dish that is ordered registered at a desk. A check is given, which is registered in the kitchen when the dish is delivered. The delivered dish is again registered as it is returned to the restaurant before being served. This system at any time occasions a vexualious delay; but if there happens to be a rush of business it takes so long to register the dishes three times that when they are finally served they are half cold. If a dish happens to be sent off the table there is so much formality to be gone through with that a guest hesitates before repeating the performance. A gentleman told me some time ago that he was obliged to wait more than half an hour before a dish of which he had combined was changed for him.

These things are done for protection—on the one hand against the thieving propensities of waiters and others, and on the other against loss from complaining people. The Deimonico's was profitable. The truth is, the prices are his cigar down to the point where it would smoke no further without burning his mouth.

neau, for instance. It is a v luring the most busy season:

Oysters .... Total.....

A shocking accident, which resulted in the loss of three lives, occurred on Saturday, Aug. 29, between the bours of the course of the Saturday of Saturday, Aug. 29, between the bours of the course of the second o

LATEST IDEAS IN DANCING

Novelties of the Day, Including the Brand New Glide Walta-Masters of Saltatory Art Ex-hibit their Inventions and Imported Steps. Sixteen gentlemen in span new broadcloth and crush hats nimbly climbed the broad staircase of Brookes's Academy in Broome street resterday afternoon and bowed to each other with much grace and courtesy as they tripped lightly across the waxed floor of the big assembly room. A seventeenth gentleman, also in broadcloth, who had been waiting for them, sat down at a plane and tapped the keys as they entered. Then the sixteen gentlemen bowed to each other elaborately once more and whirled about the alippery floor with pleasing and intricate agility. Each of the sixteen gen tlemen wore low shoes of irreproachable pol ish, and eight of them had snowy handker-chiefs bound about the left sleeve of their full dress conts. They were all professors of danc-ing, opening with appropriate festivity the annual convention of the American Society of Dancing Masters. These conventions are held to enable the professors to exchange views on terpsichorean subjects, and yesterday was the about the way the light fantastic toe ought to be shaken.

The eight handkerchiefs on the eight coat-

sleeves were impromptu signals indicating that in the interesting proceedings the wearers were impersonating the part usually taken by ladies. The graveful gyrations that filled up the first half hour of the convention were illustrative of the new ideas that the professors wanted to present for the consideration of their fellows. Prof. L. D. G. Brookes received a quarter of an hour of enthusiastic attention from the other professors. He is a member of the Paris society, and the oldest danceing master in the profession in this country. It was from him that Mark Lanigan acquired the famous redowa glissade divertissement that made the dancers of the old Fourth ward wild with onthusiasm in Bill Tweed's time, and later still he instructed County Clerk Keenan in the pleasing mystery of the Danish chassez step with which the County Clerk balanced his partner at the great ball of the old volunteer firemen in Tammany Hall last season. Prof. Brookes waited an instant for an inspiriting bar of music from the piano, and then, gliding gracefully on his too, took three steps quickly and, lifting a foot from the floor lightly touched his heel to the calf of his leg. Then he slid sideways, with an impressive glissade movement. The combination was something that eclipsed even the masterly redows slide of Mr. Arthur Loary in the Charity Ball

movement. The combination was something that eclipsed even the masterly redowa slide of Mr. Arthur Loary in the Charity Ball quadrilles, and the fifteen professors who watched the poetry of the motions clapped their hands with delight. They kept on applauding and made the Professor do it sil over again.

"What do you call it?" we asked, trying to make a diagram of the sinuous movements.

"That," said the Professor, proudly, "is the new Highland Schottische, which is to be the society dance of the season this year. It is imported from England and Scottand, and will be introduced in all first-class academies as soon as the dancing classes open. Technically it is a combination of the Highland fling and the galop, and it has raised a furor among the Scotch lads and lassies, and has also found exceptional favor among the fashionables of London and Liverpool. It's a thing that no description can do justice to. It must be seen to be fully comprehended."

The lifteen other professors unanimously resolved to teach the Highland Scottische when they went back to their classes in Cleveland, Boston, Philadelphia, St. Louis, Terre Haute, Chicago, Binghamton, Poughkeepsite, Providence, Norwich, Springfield, Lowell, Bangor, San Francisco, and Louisville.

"It is something." Prof. Ashley of Chicago said, "that will fill the Chicago girls with delight. Their aptitude for dancing will enable them to master it with ease and dance with dazzling brilliancy of style."

When Prof. Brooks sat down in a crimson cushioned seat, Prof. Uris of Brookiyn got up and showed how the "Lawn Tennis" ought to be managed. The Lawn Tennis is a fairy thing from Newport, that is regarded as a gem of graceful conception in the way of square dances, it is described as a combination of the quadrille and lancers, and the dancing masters predict popularity for it.

Prof. Spink of Providence propelled his patent leather ties through a new and impressive witz divertisement as he lightly whirled four professors who wore the improvised ladies in a quadrille cal waltz, and the carring of the body boit upright, as if the dancers were a lot of figures being twirled around on an old-fashioned hand-organ. At length the professors all sat down together and talked over what they would do next season to lend variety and interest to the art for the especial benefit of the children. It was agreed to revive the "Varsovienne" round dance, and teach the little ones the "Skating Waltz" and the Danish polka also. Prof. Brookes arose, and tripping through a waitz step, stopped and rosted an instant with one toe thrust forward gracefully. Then he introduced the regular mazourka step. The effect was very pleasing, it was the movement of the "Varsovienne," and the Professor took another twirl on the polished floor and changed it to the "Skating Waltz." Four gliding steps are introduced in this before the regular waltz step is executed, and the variation produces a stately minust motion that chances the picturesque effect of the dance for the dance; then the regular waltz. The forward glide is executed as though the dancer was shod with skates, and this movement is found to greatly delight the little lade and lassies when they dance. The polka step this year will be a redowa glide movement that does away with the hopping motion of the old-fashioned polka. It will be danced by children. Adult dancers nowadays profer the waltz. Prof. Brockes was the first man in America who ever danced the polka. That was in 1840, when he danced it with a Miss Anna Gannon of the National Theatre. The dance had been invented ten years before by a Bohemian peasant glr namedjanna Siezak, and it set the dancers of Europe wild for a long time, till the Parisians afforded them a new thing in the waltz.

Tim glad the skating rink cazo is over." Unroble art was saidy societed last year. Everybody seemed to lorget what ture amusement they could derive from dancing, and went off and the skating rink cazo is over dancing will never the variety of the theatry of the challenge of the professor exclusion from Paris and

Gee, Campbell Doesn't Think there is a Man Living who can Stand Up to Him. CINCINNATI, Sept. 7.—The correspondent of THE BUN asked George Campbell, the manager

The Sun asked George Campbell, the manager of Chester Park, if the report that he had a little row in settling with Sullivan was true.

"There wasn't any trouble." Mr. Campbell replied. "Sullivan, you know, has a lot of alleged friends hanging around him making their living off him. They get upfairy tales that keep him in hot water all the time. They went to Sullivan with ghost stories about me that made him mad, and I don't wonder at it. It made him say things about me that I wouldn't have and I went to see him. It took very little time to explain the whole thing and make it right. He is a man that will listen to reason at any time if it is put properly. What a fighter he is! I don't believe there is a man is the world that could stand up to him fer a give and take and not get killed. Men more active than him may lapp around and keep out of reach, and so prolong the fight for hours, but you can hardly call that fighting."

SECRETS OF THE BARROOM. Whiskoy Drinking on the Increase-Playing it on the Beer Brinkers.

"Whiskey drinking is increasing immense ly now," said the head bartender of an up-town hotel a few nights ago, "although our custom has not increased materially. It seems to me that mixed drinks have about had their day as far as popularity is concerned. Of course, it will always be necessary to make the concections that have made the American bar famous all over the world, but I doubt if there will ever be such a run on them as there was five or six years ago. In those days a party of men would walk in here, lean against the bar. and one would order a brandy cocktail, another a sherry flip, the next a gin and wormwood bracer, the fourth a fizz, and the other frozen abeinthe with bitters. It seemed to be a matter of pride with hard-drinking crowds-and hard drinkers usually travel together, you know-to change their drinks often. They took a great interest in the mixing of the drinks, and usually watched the operation closely. Most of them could tell the instant the drink touched their lips if there was a single drop of bitters too much.

"In those days a bartender had to work harder than he does now, and his skill brought him great credit. He was in constant practice, and

"In those days a bartender had to work harder than he does now, and his skill brought him great credit. He was in constant practice, and a good deal more skilful than now. I had to make cocktails every morning for at least twenty men. They never thought of breakfasting before coming to see me. It would have been a good deal better for them if they'd stayed away. I'm a drinking man myself, but I wouldn't touch liquor before breakfast for big money. Nothing knocks a man so soon as that, and do you know how I've found it out?"

"By experience, I suppose."
"Not by my own experience, but by looking at the twenty-odd guests in this house for whom I have been making cocktails for years."
He was a typical modern bartonder, quick respectful, with close-clipped hair and graceful moustache, dexterous white hands, and irreproachably neat attire. All of the men under him had the same charactoristics. He told the writer once that he discharged the best bartender he had ever had because the young man twirled his moustache while at work. It was his theory that customers did not care to have drinks mixed by a man who did that.

"What I started to say." continued the head bartender, coming back to the end of the bar after serving some favorite customers, "was that whiskey is gradually becoming the staple drink. Drinkers are quick to learn the difference between good and bad whiskey, and they've got over the craze for mixed drinks and setfled down to steady whiskey drinkers. I've noticed it particularly this summer, whom many of our patrons gave up the perspiration-starting so-called summer drinks, and kept on with whiskey. No particular brand is now in demand because there are so many good brands. They have sail improved, because drinkers will now have none but the best, and poor stuff is not profitable."

"What about the popularity of beer?"

The bartender's face lighted up with sudden interest, and he looked cautiously around. Then he said in a lower voice, as though revealing a State secret of groat importance:

"You know me,

PEACH ORCHARDS IN GEORGIA.

What John II. Parnell Has to Show. Mr. John H. Parnell Has to Shew.

Prom the Pall Mail Gasette.

Mr. John H. Parnell, a great American peach grower, has been letting out some of the secrets of his peach forest, which may have more interest as Mr. John Parnell is the brother of another and more famous member of the family, Mr. C. S. Parnell inseef. "In my early days," said Mr. Parnell to the correspondent, "I was advised that there were excellent chances for investment in the South, and especially in Georgia. It was my idea that thus located there was money in cotton, so I paid cash down \$12,000 for 1,500 acres, To this original purchase I have since added 500 acres, making my possessions 2,000 acres in all. For three years, I planted cotton, only to find it a delusion." It was in this fortunate moment that Mr. Parnell made up his mind that there was money in peaches. The great peach forest is described as containing acres and acres of ground, stratching indeed into miles, covered with every variety of tree. The trees, which number 150,000, are planted twelve feet apart, and are kept trimmed to the ground, so that a person standing can pluck the rosy fruit from its fastness. When the first blush comes upon the cheek of the dainty beauties 100 men, women, and children are set to work, each armed with a flat basket, returning to the rendezvous when the bottom is covered. Thus they keep on day after day, until the season is over.

The story of Mr. Parnell's venture is briefly this: He invested \$12,000 in his plantation. He has spent over \$3,000 since in trees, seeds, and labor. Upon this investment he makes from From the Pall Mall Gasette.

until the season is over.

The story of Mr. Farnell's venture is briefly this: He invested \$12,000 in his plantation. He has spent over \$3,000 since in trees, seeds, and labor. Upon this investment he makes from \$4,000 to \$10,000 a year, and would not sell his poach forest for loss than \$300,000. Great as Charles Stewart Parnell is as the uncrowned king of Ireland, greater is John H. Parnell, the peach king of America. "I found it necessary to have recourse to English varieties. It was clear that a hard, firm peach which would bear handling would be a gold mine. In 1871 I brought from England 5,000 budded trees—the Beatrice, the Early Kivers, and the Early Louise, I have found that these three varioties meet every requirement.

"I have developed a hybrid, to which I have given the name of Parnell. This peach is destined to rank in the means family as the Le Conte does among the peach in \$100.000 forces in this vicinity. It has a dark roil skin, white flesh, and is firm and hardy for shipment. The next is the Fostor, peach of yellow skin, saffern flesh, and is firm and hardy for shipment. The reach is the Sestor, dark-fleshed and brownish red cleak. Have over 8,000 trees. I have seen the seal beach much time in experimenting, and believe that I have now solved all the difficulties of this nelablohood. As old trees die I replace them, and also make a regular annual increase of 25,000 trees. The worst enemy of the peach orchard." The worst enemy of the peach orchard. The worst enemy of the peach orchard. The principal danger, however, is winter thilling, which is a misnomer, because the killing takes place owing to the absence of winter. Where no winter comes the sap nover sinks, A sudden cold day chills the tree, just as it does a man, I have fully exploded one idea prevalent that it

From the Florida Herald.

A man in Volusia county killed last week a large rathernake ever seven test in length and six inches in diameter through the body, and he had a most covered back and test projecting from his upper law over an inch in length, which were considerably worn. From the Chambersburg Repository.

Beene in a grocery store—Proprietor talking six customer while clara tries to get a bushel of poteness out of a barrel into a sack.

Proprietor—They'll be ready in a few minutes, eir.
Customer—What's the matter with your clark?
Pa. Actor—assterienced with your clark?
Pa. Actor—assterienced to be fire.

TO WORK LIKE A FISH'S FIN. This Inventor Believes his Propeller will

MOUNT UNION, Pa., Sept. 11 .- Old John Dougherty of this place is one of the most notable characters in the State. He is known to almost everybody in central Pennsylvania as one who, in his day and generation, has done as much for the interests of progress and civilization as any other man in the Common wealth. He has made some highly successfu inventions, and it is safe to say that he will bereafter take a front rank among the national benefactors of the age. A casual observer would daily strolls through those shade streets ones agitated the commercial circles of the State, and still less would be dream that a project which may renovate the world is now evolving from this venerable old man's brain. But suc is really the fact. Mr. Dougherty is of Irish parentage, born in

McVeytown in 1803, "7th month and 25th day,

as he puts it, adding facetiously that there is divinity in odd numbers. Leaving McVeytown in 1831, after receiving only an ordinary com-mon school education, Mr. Dougherty engaged in grading the eastern slope of the Allegheny Mountain for the Portage Railroad. While en gaged in the transportation business on this road in 1835 he invented and introduced his portable iron section boats, which proved a producion success, revolutionized the transportation business of that day, and immonsely the State. The boats were run on the Pennsylvania Canal from Philadelphia to Hollidaysburg, where they were taken apart and transported in sections across the Alleuhonies to Johnstows and there put together again and Philadelphia to Hollidaysburg, where they were taken apart and transported in sections across the Alleuhonies to Johnstows and there put together again and Philadelphia to the State of the Control of the property supplied the need by the invention of the present eight-wheel truck, and devised in the property supplied the need by the invention of the present eight-wheel truck, and devised in the property supplied the need by the invention of the present eight wheel truck, and devised in the present eight wheel truck, and the eight wheel truck eight

SNARING PARTRIDGES IN ASIA. Afghanistans Disguised as Leopards-The Turkestan Bow-Hindon Snares.

Turkestan Bow-Mindes Saares.

From the London Telegraph.

The natives of Candahar adopt a very novel and successful method of enticing parridges within reach. They wear a mask or largiful over with black spots. having overholes, and hanging in loose folds round the body of the sportsman. Thus disguised, he creeps cautiously on hands and knees toward the spot whence the "chickor" calls. The bird takes him for a leopard, an animal to which it has the greatest aversion, and will collect all its speeds in the neighborhood with loud calls, and allow the make-beile to approach while they scream and fluther, when with gun or not he can secure them with little difficulty.

For catching partridges a peculiar kind of bow is used in Turkestan. It is formed of a long clastic rod, which is stuck into the ground and then bent down and held in that position by a small catch arranged on a fork-shaped by a small catch arranged on a fork-shaped place of the bow is an analysic of the store of the bow is an analysic of the store of the bow is a small catch arranged on a fork-shaped by a small catch arranged on a fork-shaped by a small catch arranged on the catch are placed on the catch the bow becomes detached, and he flies upward with the latter, aught in the noose of the bow is an analysic of the store of the bow is a small on the store of the bow is a partridge of the store of the partridge of the want of a better term, a towing line. It consists of a tog, with strong twine attached to the peg with strong twine attached to the peg until the sportsman makes his appearance.

These birds and smaller ones are taken by Partis, a wandering tripe of Indians, in long, conical hag nets, ket to pay he pay he

LIPE AMONG THE MORMONS. Indians de Not Understand Mormon Logi

SALT LAKE, Sept. 7 .- The Mormons have always had a great desire to bring the Indians into their fold. Many of the aboriginal tribes practise polygamy, but they do not take kindly to other features of the Mormon faith. A mis-sionary has been at work on the Shoshones for fifteen or twenty years, and has made so little progress that he recently abandoned the field. When he entered their reservation he married a squaw and set out to make proselytes right and left. The savage mind readily grasped the idea of plural marriage, but everything else failed to penetrate it.

After the missionary had been at work for

about two years he concluded to take one of his

white wives down to the reservation to assist him. She was a buxom girl from the old country, who spoke English fairly well, and who believed thoroughly in the doctrine which she advocated. It was her business to labor with the squaws, but as she found that they were not particularly interested, she gradually transferred her oratory to the braves. They listened attentively, and she and her husband made up their minds that they had at last made

an impression. After the woman had been in the camp a week or more one of the warriors becamp a week or more one of the warriors with the camp a week or more one of the warriors becamp and the control of the camp and the camp of the camp and the camp and the camp of the white preacher three ponies and ton dogs for his white preacher three ponies and ton dogs for his white wife to begin with. This proposition put a new phase on the matter, and the white preacher three ponies and ton dogs for his white preacher three ponies and ton dogs for his white preacher three ponies and ton dogs for his white preacher three ponies and ton dogs for his white plainty indicated that one barbarian had when he departed it was with a grunt which plainty indicated that one barbarian had religious ine.

For the next two weeks the missionaries had little time to do anything else but refuse to woman, and her presence was resulting in no great good, she was sent back to Zion.

Now, after years of labor, the experiment has been tried again, and with the same result been religion. It was plain that the Samts had got a preity firm grip on him. His wife was a fair-thaired, rospon and the same that the same had been received into the fold before he left and the property of the church do not a security of the church to got a busband that when the property is the capacity of the church to got a busband that we man selected was a new arrival been religion. It was plain that the Samts had got a preity firm grip on him. His wife over the country a great deal with her little ones, and could be something of the following the country and inable t

AN ASIATIC CALIFORNIA.

Old American and Australian Misers Again

Old American and American Miners Again
In Golden Clover.

We have some interesting particulars of
the community which has lately sprung up on
the south of the Amoor, in the district where
gold has been found in such abundance that
the name Asiatic California has been given to
it. The place is practically an almost inaccessible desert, without roads or paths. It is well
beyond the Russian frontiers, and it would
seem that until the middle of last winter the
Chinese were quite ignorant that a gold mine
had been found on their territory. The digggrs, who are largely composed of American
and Australian miners and recruits from the
diamond fields, soon found the necessity of
establishing order, and they have constituted a
sort of democratic republic.

The gold field is at present divided into
twenty-two small districts, over each of which
two-lected chiefs preside, a Judge, and an overseer, whose duty it is to compose all differences
which may arise among the diggers, and to inflict moderate punishments for any offences.
A general President controls this body of
Judges and overseers. He is chosen by general
suffrage from among the diggers, and he is
charged with the task of conducting any business which may arise with the Russian or Chiness administrations of the Amoor districts.
The decision of all matters of grave importance is reserved to a General Assembly of all
the diggers, and this Assembly is empowered
to axoel any one from the mines, to depose the
President, and to inflict capital punishment.
The President has a salary of 400 reubles a
month, or about £56; the overseers and Judges
have salaries of half this amount. A direct
tax on all places of amusement and liquor saisons constitutes the fiscal income of the commonwealth. There are about 150 such places
in the district, and the receibts of each vary
from 200 to 400 roubles a day. Each place pays
a monthly tax of 25 roubles.

When the Chinese authorities learned that
a gold mine had been discoverer their rights,
and sent a small detachment

A Bunaway Entirond Train Rushing at the Eate of Righty Miles an Honr. From the Charleston Star Mr. W. H. Edwards was on the wild train and witnessed all the horrors attending the killing and wounding of seven men. After leaving the C. & O. railroad a long stretch o level track is had, leaving which a heavy incline is had to within a short distance of the

RIDING TO DEATH.

mines. It frequently occurs that the loaded cars are sent down the incline without the aid of a locomotive, competent brakemen being placed on the trains. Shortly before I o'clock on the day the accident occurred, two loaded cars were detached from the engine at the head of the incline in charge of the brake-

men. On the cars were Superintendent Layton S. Oakford, Mr. Toman, mining superintendent of the Coal Valley Coal Company; Mr. Hudson, a coal dealer of Lewisburg; Mr. Toman, and the cock and Mr. Hall, miners of Coalburg; Coal ductor Epperly and Mr. Edwards, The cars, each containing eighteen tons of coal, were started down the incline by detaching them from the engine.

From the engine.

From the engine.

Side. On his left stood Mr. Toman and Prescock, Mitchell and Edwards, Hall and Hudson were on the roat bumper of the first car. Just as the cars moved off Mr. Epperly placed; a hickory bar in the wheel of the rear car brake, thing the starts lever on applying force to the first car. Just as the cars moved off Mr. Epperly placed; and used the same means in tightening another turn to be had on the brakes but in a few seconds it became apparent to all on the train that the brakes were failing to perform any determination could be arrived at it was plain that to jump was to meet death in a horrible form. Each second increased the volocity of the cars. A roar as if a long express runderful that they were bedug whitled along at least leving with miss an hour was dashing by, convinced the willings and the horizontal that they were bedug whitled along at least eighty miles in skyr minutes, and then the form he had not be brakes were failing to perform the form Each second increased the volocity of the cars. A roar as if a long express runderful thought of being hurled to death finshed upon their minds. Suddenly Mr. Oakford raised himself from between the care, waved himself from the track. The next thing cross and the care, he jumped off after waving his hand. Mr. Edwards says, at this juncture: I saw mothing of the other minera

THE THIRTEEN CLUBS. Victor Rugo's Only Superstition-Analysis the Chances of Death.

From the London Daily News. Victor Hugo confessed to the possession of only one superstition. Nothing could induce him to form one of thirteen at table. Whenever a thirteenth arrived at the last moment it was M. Lesciide's business to pick up his hat and depart. The vitality of this heary superstition, which no doubt originally grew supersition, which no doubt originally grew out of the story of the Last Supper and of the tragic events which so quickly followed it, is remarkable. Any one who takes the trouble to refer to the accepted tables may see for himself what is really the expectation of human life. It will be found that, in order to obtain a mathematical probability that one out of a given thirteen healthy persons will expire during the following twelve months, the average age of the thirteen must, in default of the presence of one or two on the verge of centenarianism, be very great indeed. It must, in fact, be about 88 years; and it is exarcely necessary to say that, in practice, the united years of a feative party of thirteen never amount to the requisite 1.144. The annual rate of mortality amongst males and females of all ages is only one in forty-one; and forty-one, therefore, instead of thirteen, should be held to be the unitually number. This has been demonstrated over and over again; yet the number thirteen still remains ominous to thousands of excellent people in all classes of life.

In Paris there are streets in which 12 bis does duty instead of 13; and the householders who thus ingenuously sought to circumvent fals would not for the world let the proper number be painted upon their doors. Some years ago Prince Napoleen tried to laugh his countrymen out of the supersition; but his efforts did not benefit his cause, for, with characteristic perversity, he used to invite twelve friends to carouse with him on Good Friday, whereby he gravely scandalized right-feeling people, whatever their theological views.

In America, similar but less aggressive attempts have been made to correct popular error, and numerous Thirteen Clubs have been extempts have been made to correct popular error, and numerous Thirteen Clubs have been catablished, the members pleiging themselves to dine thirteen at table on every opportunity. In France, too, there is a Thirteen Club, the headquariers of which are at Senlis; and even here in England there i out of the story of the Last Supper and of the

THE HEAT AT SUAKIM. Extracte from an English Soldler's Diary-

The Mottest Spot on Earth.

Aug. 6.—I am a seasoned vessel by this time, and not likely to cry out about trifles, but anything like the heat as I was coming down the harbor in a boat between 8 and 9 o'clock A. M. I have not experienced in Suakim. There was not a breath of wind, and one felt under an umbrella, just as if in front of an enormous furnace; everything was burning to the touch. 7th. 1 P. M.—No words in the English or any other language can do justice to the terrifle heat of this most everyowering day. I have just come down the creek from town in a boat. I boiled off the pier across the parale into my tent, and positively the skin on my face was crackling with the refraction from the ground, and my clothes are literally scorching my flesh. The sun, through a thick, double unbreils, made my back feel more unplessent than it standing in front of the hottest kitchen life; but it is no use trying to convey any iden dithe reality; there is hardly a breath of nire the thermometer under a double roof in a draught marked 111. Pray Heaven the heat does not increase, or existence will become a problem indeed. Yesterday was a scorcher, but to day took the shine for direct sun fury off all yet.

8th. 7 A. M.—But all yet was child's play to last night. Imagine being in a close roun at the back of a furnace, with occasional jets of half-condensed steam turned on; that's something like it.

8 P. M.—Beginning to be rather exhaused and done; yesterday and just night might have saleded a salmando. From the London Standard.